

The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 54.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1876.

NO. 28.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
MAYOR—Fred Phillips.
COMMISSIONERS—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldheimer, Daniel W. Harts, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
SECRETARY & TREASURER—Robt. Whitehurst.
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ASSISTANT POLICE—J. T. Moore, Jas. E. Simmons, William Macaulay.

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Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
Clerk—John E. Baker.
County Treasurer—Wm. A. Duggan.
School Examiners—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Esen, A. McGee, Clerk.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & A. R. R.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M.
Arrive at Washington (daily) at 3 P. M.
WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6 P. M.

LODGES.
The Nights and the Places of Meeting.
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Law-rence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.
Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night in every month at 8 o'clock A. M.
Repton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., L. B. Palanum, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Pender, N. E., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
Edgecombe Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Adams Lodge No. 28, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Zanesh Lodge No. 233, I. O. B. B., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

CHURCHES.
Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.
Methodist Church—Services every Fourth Sunday in every month, morning and night, first Sunday at night, and 5th Sunday at night. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.
Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbath. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night.
Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.
Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.
Adams Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.
EXPRESS.
Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9 o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office next door to the Southern office.
July 2, 1875.

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
AND
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street.
jcs-44.

HOWARD & PERRY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal.
nov-6-ly.

W. H. JOHNSTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal.
Nov. 5, 1875.

FREDERICK PHILLIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Nov. 5, 1875.

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.
Office in Iron Front Building, Pitt Street, rear of A. Whitlock & Co's.
Jan. 7, 1876.

JACOB BATTLE,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in all the State Courts.
March 24, 1876.

J. H. & W. L. THORP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, and in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

DR. E. D. BARNES,
Surgeon Dentist,
Main Street,
TARBORO', N. C.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction.
Feb. 18, 76.

Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
DENTIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office opposite Adams Hotel, over S. S. Nash & Co's Store.
Using the stringency of the times, I have reduced my charges for all operations to such a standard that will not fail to suit every one. Care of children's teeth and Plate work a specialty.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
March 17, 1876.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SUN
FOR THE CAMPAIGN!
The events of the Presidential campaign will be so faithfully and fully illustrated in THE NEW YORK SUN as to commend it to the candidness of all parties! We will send the Sunday Edition, since it is at the same price; or the Daily, four pages, for \$3.00.
Address THE SUN, New York City.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Keepers of House—Wm. A. Duggan, Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin, Surgeon—John E. Baker, Standard Reporter—J. B. Hyatt, School Examiners—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams, Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Esen, A. McGee, Clerk.

A GREAT OFFER!
During this month we will dispose of 100 new and second-hand Pianos & Organs of first-class makers, including Waters' & lower prices than ever before offered. New 7 Octave Pianos for \$200 Boxed and shipped. Terms, \$40 cash and \$10 monthly until paid. New 5 Octave 5 Stop Organs with book closets and stool warranted for \$160—\$200 cash, and \$5 monthly until paid. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. Agents Wanted. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, N. Y.

\$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Agents, Male and Female in their own locality. Terms OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.
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MINI READING, PSYCHOMANCY, PSYCHICITY, SOUL CHARMING, MEDIUMSHIP, AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose in 10 minutes. 400 pages. By mail 50 cts. Hunt & Co., 139 S. 7th St., Philadelphia.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES.
A complete list, numbering 8,129, with a Gazetteer correct to date, of all towns and cities in which Newspapers are published, historical and statistical sketches of the great Newspaper Establishments, illustrated with numerous engravings of the principal newspaper buildings. Book of 300 Pages, just issued. Mailed post paid, to address for 50c. Apply (enclosing price) to Superintendent of the Newspaper Edition, Continental Company, Philadelphia, or American News Company, N. Y. Every advertiser needs it.

ADVERTISING IN RELIGIOUS AND AGRICULTURAL WEEKLIES HALF-PRICE. Send for Catalogues on the List Plan. For information, address Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, NEW YORK.

AGENTS,
make no engagements till you see our **NEW BOOK,**
Which in thrilling interest, sterling merit, elegance and cheapness, has absolutely no equal. It is "The Tinsy" for the Centennial period—takes on sight.
The North American Review says it is "deserving of unqualified praise; we anticipate for it an extensive popularity; the *Delaware Times* says 'Just such a work as thousands of the American People will be glad to possess.' The *Delaware Advertiser* calls it 'a work able to any yet published.' ANY ACTIVE MAN OF WOMAN of good address insured large profits and steady work for a year. For full particulars, address J. B. FORD & CO., April 28-29, 27 Park Row, New York.

PRIVATE Boarding House.
MRS. V. E. LIPSCOMB respectfully announces that she has opened a Private Boarding House in Tarboro, on the corner of Bank and Pitt Streets.
Good Fare, Pleasant Rooms, Comfortable Beds, Board Moderate.
Feb. 19, 1876.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
GEORGE HAWES, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Tin, Copper SHEET IRON WARE, TARBORO, N. C.

A FULL LINE OF COOKING, HEATING, Parlor & Office Stoves, kept constantly on hand at the lowest cash prices.
If you can't afford to buy a new stove bring your old one and trade.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING either in town or country, promptly attended to and on reasonable terms.
REPAIRING of all kinds in line executed with promptness.
If you can't afford to buy a new stove bring your old one and trade.

GEORGE HAWES, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Tin, Copper SHEET IRON WARE, TARBORO, N. C.

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, SAW, FLOUR AND GRIST MILLS, MILL GRATING MADES, STEAM PUMPS, PULLEYS AND HANGERS, OF IMPROVED DESIGN, A SPECIALTY. THE UNEQUALLED JAS. LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WATER WHEEL, COOKING, HEATING, PARLOR & OFFICE STOVES, AND ALL KINDS OF IRON AND BRASS WORK. SEND FOR CIRCULARS. BALTIMORE, MD.

Want to Sell.
I will sell my TWO STORY DWELLING on Church Street, corner of Thomas street—five rooms and closets. The house is newly painted and in excellent repair. One acre of ground is attached under new paling. There are also the necessary outbuildings. It is a bargain for somebody.
I will also sell a good Piano and other Furniture. Also several vacant lots on Church Street. All in Rocky Mount, N. C.

DOSSEY BATTLE, Oct. 29, 1875.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FURNITURE!
A large lot for sale cheap for cash. Also Furniture made to order, by J. B. SIMMONS.
Call and see before you purchase.

UNDERTAKING
Keeps on hand and makes to order, Mahogany, Walnut, Poplar and Pine Coffins. Also on hand a full line of METALLIC CASES. Hearse for hire on burial occasions.
J. E. SIMMONS.
Jan. 1, 1876-ly.

W. T. TAYLOR, Manufacturer of WINDOW FRAMES, DOORS, Plain Panels of every style DOOR FRAMES, WINDOWS, SASHES, BLINDS, MANTLES, MOLDINGS, BRACKETS, SCROLL WORK AND

Tobacco Box Patterns, Whitaker's, N. C.
Also, contracts to put up buildings, furnishing all material, complete turnkey jobs, or otherwise, as parties may prefer, all with kiln-dried lumber.
March 24, 1876.

GEORGE L. FENDER, Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Notions & White Goods.
275 W. BALTIMORE STREET, Baltimore, Md. nov19-ly.

Look to Your Interests!
NEW SPRING GOODS
AT
O. C. FARRAR & Co's
FINE LINEN BOSOM DRESS SHIRTS, FOR \$1.00 EACH.
A large and fresh stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Boots and Clothing, with a full line of

GROCERIES
just received. These goods were bought VERY LOW and will be sold at rock bottom prices. Also 100 Boxes of Manufactured Tobacco.
We assure our patrons who desire to pay cash for their goods, that by calling on

O. C. FARRAR & CO, they will find prices in every way satisfactory and goods as low as they can be purchased in any market in the South.
All we desire is an inspection of our goods. Parties will find it to their interest to call on us.
When you come to Tarboro', don't forget
O. C. FARRAR & CO.
April 21.

SPRING GOODS!
SPRING GOODS!
Dress Goods, Linen Lawns, Percals, Ladies' Hats, Ladies and Children's Shoes, Gloves, Hosiery and White Goods!!
BOOTS AND SHOES, &C.
All bought FOR CASH at panic prices, and will be sold very low by
T. H. GATLIN.
N. B. T. H. Gatlin is Agent for "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Tarboro', April 7, 1876.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC!
I am now prepared to furnish the Cheapest and LUCKY TIE SHOE, cheaper than can be gotten up in Northern cities, and an agent of trade in this and adjoining counties. I use nothing but
First Choice French Calf Skins and Extra Pebbled Goat.
The finest grades of Sole Leather, English Bond a specialty. The latest style last are used in my business. Also keeps constantly on hand all sorts of shoe-finding. Workmanship unexcelled. Give me a trial, and if my work don't suit will make sacrifice on any that is taken from my house.
O. C. DOGGETT.
Tarboro, May 5, 1876.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, June 23, 1876

WHAT WAS IT?

Dr. Hibbert has shown that spectres are nothing more than ideas or recollected images of the mind which in certain states of bodily indisposition have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions, and that the pictures of the 'mind's eye' are more vivid than the pictures of the body's eye. Sir David Brewster, in his 'Natural Magic,' goes further than this and shows that the 'mind's eye' is actually the body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence under the same optical laws. He thinks that this is not only true in the case of spectral illusions, but that it holds good of all ideas recalled by the memory or created by the imagination, and that it may be regarded as the fundamental law in the science of pneumatology.

Robert Dale Owen, in his 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,' tells a marvelous story of coincidence that one can hardly believe were brought about by no other agency than chance. Mr. Owen says that the story was communicated to him in July, 1859, by J. S. Clarke of the schooner John Hallock, then lying in Rutgers' slip, who had it direct from Mr. Bruce himself. He adds that the John Hallock was then trading between New York and Santiago.

Mr. Robert Bruce, born at Tarboro, in the south of England, and bred up to a seafaring life, in 1828, when about thirty years old, was first met on a bark trading between Liverpool and St. John, N. B. On one of her voyages bound westward, being then five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the banks of Newfoundland the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun, after which they both descended to calculate their day's work. The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwartships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's stateroom; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state room.

The desk was in the forward part of the room, close to the door, so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin. The mate absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. Having completed his calculations, he called out, without looking around, 'I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?' As there was no reply he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and seeing as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he arose; and as he fronted the cabin door the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger. Bruce was not a coward, but as he met that fixed gaze looking upon him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen it was too much for him; he rushed up to the deck in such evident alarm that instantly attracted the captain's attention. 'Why, Mr. Bruce,' said the latter, 'what in the world is the matter with you?'

'The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?'

'No one that I know of.'

'But there is, sir, there's a stranger there.'

'A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?'

'But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up straight in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world I saw him.'

'Him! who?'

'God, knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I never saw before.'

'You must be going crazy. Mr. Bruce. A stranger and we nearly six weeks out!'

'I know, sir; but then I saw him. Go down and see who it is.'

Bruce hesitated. 'I never was a believer in ghosts,' he said, 'but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone.'

'Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew.'

'If you have always found me willing to do what's reasonable,' Bruce replied, changing color; 'but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should go down together.'

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the staterooms. Nor a soul to be found!

'Well, Mr. Bruce,' said the captain, 'did I not tell you that you had been dreaming?'

'It's all very well for you to say so, sir, but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again?'

'Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still,' and the captain took up the slate.

'My God!' he exclaimed, 'there's something sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?'

The mate took the slate, and there in plain, legible characters, were the words, 'Steer to Nor-West.'

'Have you been trifling with me, sir?' inquired the captain sternly.

'On my word as a man, Sir,' replied Bruce, 'I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth.'

The captain sat down at his desk in deep thought, the slate before him. At last turning the slate over and pushing it toward Bruce, he said, 'Write down, 'Steer to Nor-west.'

The mate complied, and the captain said, after narrowly comparing the handwriting, 'Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here.' He came, and at the captain's request, he also wrote the words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing. After the crew had retired, the captain sat deep in thought, 'Could any one have been stowed away?' at length he said. 'The ship must be searched, and if I don't find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide, and seek. Order up all hands.'

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for it had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board—but not a living soul beyond the crew and officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, 'Mr. Bruce,' said the captain, 'What the devil do you make of all this?'

'Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it.'

'Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will come of it.'

'I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost at the worst.'

'Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course nor-west. And Mr. Bruce,' he added, as the mate arose to go, 'have a look out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on.'

At about 3 o'clock the lookout reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and shortly afterward what he thought was a vessel close to it. As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with many human beings on it. Shortly afterward they hoisted to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers. It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face that he saw three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

The exhausted crew and famished passengers having been cared for by the mate called the captain aside. 'It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive.'

'What do you mean? Who's alive?'

'Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice.'

'Upon my word, Mr. Bruce,' replied the captain, 'this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man.'

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both stepped forward and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow death by exposure and starvation. The captain replied that he had done only what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, 'I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged if you would write a few words on this slate,' and he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not. 'I will do anything you ask,' replied the passenger; 'but what shall I write?'

'Suppose you write, 'Steer to Nor-west.'

The passenger cheerfully complied. The captain took up the slate

and examined it closely; then stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over and gave it to him again with the other side up.

'You say that is your handwriting?' said he.

'I need not say so,' rejoined the other, looking at it, 'for you saw me write it.'

'And this?' said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one side of the slate, then at the other, puzzled. At last, 'What is the meaning of this?' said he, 'I wrote only one of these. Who wrote the other?'

'That is more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at his desk, at noon to-day.'

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise, and the former asked the latter, 'Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?'

'No, sir, not that I remember.'

'You speak of dreaming,' said the captain of the bark. 'What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?'

'Captain,' rejoined the other, 'the whole thing is most mysterious, and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman (pointing to the passenger) being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed sleep, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke, and said to me: 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day. When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a bark, and she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel here in sight she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not thought much of what he had said, yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved.'

'I got the impression that the bark I saw in my dream was going to rescue us,' said the passenger, 'but how that impression came I cannot tell. Everything here on board seems quite familiar; yet I am very sure that I was never in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me.'

'Mother.'

It is the cry of the infant, just from the cradle; it is the only balm that will heal the wounded heart in youthful days. 'Mother, I'm hurt,' 'mother, I'm tired,' 'mother, sing to me, rock me, tell me stories.' It is always 'mother' with the child and the lad. No one like mother. No hand that falls on the fevered brow as softly as hers; no words so sympathetic as those that pass her lips. The house would be a dreary, thorny road without her warning voice and guiding hand. A father may be kind, may love not less, but the wearied child wants the mother's arms, her soft lullaby songs; the caresses of her gentle hand. All childhood is a mixture of tears and joys. A kind word brings a smile, a harsh word a sigh, a fall is pain, a toss a joy. The first footsteps weak and trembling, grow stronger by the guidance of a mother's love.

The little wounds, the torn clothes, the headaches, the heartaches, the trials, all vanish at the words of a mother, and there is built up in the heart of every man an edifice of love and respect that no crime of his can topple down—no dungeon cell affect.

And a lad grows to be a man only to find that 'mother' is the same. If he errs, she weeps; if he is good and manly, she rejoices. Her's is the only love that lasts—endures forever.

The wolf of starvation may enter the door, but her love is only tried to shine the brighter. All the world may call her son a criminal, but the mother only believes it not. Trials may beset you, storms gather over you, vexations come, ruin drag you down, but there is one who ever stands firm in your cause, who will never leave you. The criminal on the scaffold has suffered in feeling because his bad deeds would cause a pang in mother's heart. The low and wretched, dying in some dark abode of sin, have died with that name upon their lips. There are no praise like his praise, there are no sad tears that pain us so much as hers.

Value of Time.

One fine summer morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, and, finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy its price.

'One dollar,' was the answer.

'One dollar!' said the lounge:

can't you take less than that?'

'No, indeed—one dollar is the price!'

Another hour nearly passed, when the lounge said: 'Is Mr. Franklin at home?'

'Yes, he is in the printing office. I want to see him,' said the lounge.

The shop boy then immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge, with book in hand, addressed him thus: 'Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?'

'One dollar and a quarter,' was the quick answer.

'One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar.'

'True,' said Franklin, 'and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than, then, to have been taken out of the office.'

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said: 'Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?'

'One dollar and a half.'

'One dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter.'

'Yes,' answered Franklin, 'and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now.' The lounge paid down the money and went about his business (if he had any), and Franklin returned into the printing office.

A Proclamation.
WHEREAS, a joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States was duly approved on the 13th day of March last, which resolution is as follows:

Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That it be and is hereby recommended by the Senate and House of Representatives to the people of the several States, that they assemble in their several counties or towns on the approaching anniversary of the day of our national independence, and that they cause to have delivered on such day a historical sketch of such county or town from its foundation, and that a copy of said sketch be filed in print or manuscript in the clerk's office of said county, and an additional copy in print or manuscript be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress, to the intent that a complete record may be obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of their existence.

And whereas, it is deemed proper that such recommendation be brought to the notice and knowledge of the people of the United States; now therefore, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby declare and hereby make known the same, in the hopes that the object of such resolution may meet the approval of the people of the United States, and that proper steps may be taken to carry the same into effect.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington, the 25th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1876, and of the independence of the United States the 100th.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President:
HAMILTON FISH,
Secretary of State.

A Little Rough.
Brother Talmage, perhaps next to Beecher in the claptrap gospel trade, thus savagely photographs the lady-killer, dandified preacher: He has a handsome foot or hand, or thinks he has. It is evident from his gait and appearance that he has received most of his inspiration from the tailor. His glove fits so well that it seems to have grown on his foot, as if made on a last of the last fashion. His hair twists as though it had been under curling irons. From his gesticulations you know he has practiced them before the mirror. He prides himself on being a lady's man, and looks so sweet, and has the appearance of one of God's fashion plates. As he takes out his handkerchief to wipe away a tear in the midst of his sermon the fabric drops musk and patch only, and 'balm of a thousand flowers,' and 'new mown hay,' and 'kiss me quick.' He is a stick of ecclesiastical candy—a moral peppermint—a religious chocolate drop. He takes his text from the most luscious part of Solomon's Song, and litters it in a manner the sweet beyond description! He has a diamond ring on two fingers and a glittering stud in his shirt bosom. He sucks a sugar plum while the collection is being taken up, and, though not short-sighted at all, has his glasses astride his nose, lifts the hymn-book fantastically, and reads:

'There is a land of purah-delight, Where saints immortal reign.'

Plastering the 'Wrong Man.'
It was a very embarrassing circumstance, and it happened at the hotel in Mt. Vernon. A man and his wife were stopping there. The man was subject to fever attacks of colic, and was taken sick there in the night. He told his wife that he could not live, and thought a mustard draft would relieve him. She hastily robed herself, went down the stairs and found the watchman, who admitted her to the dining-room and she spread the mustard from the casket on her handkerchief and hastened up stairs. Finding the door ajar, she rushed in, turned down the bed clothes and slapped the mustard draft on the unconscious man's bowels. He instantly sprang up in bed, and in a strange voice said: 'My God! Madam, what are you doing?' She had got in on the wrong man. We leave the reader to imagine her feelings. She found her own room, and in accents of horror told her husband the facts. The extreme ludicrousness of the incident set him into an inordinate fit of laughter that relieved him as thoroughly as the mustard plaster would have done. Very early the next morning, before many of the guests were up, a man and woman, trunk, handboxes, etc., might have been seen leaving the hotel, for the woman's name was on the handkerchief.

A Exceedingly Interesting Item.
[From the Danville Times.]
An insurance agent, of the town of Danville, met one day this week, the editor of this paper when the following dialogue ensued:
Agent—I have a news item for you.
Editor—Well, I am always glad to get such.
The insurance agent then handed the newspaper man a little slip, on which it was stated that the one thousand dollar premium on the life of Mrs.—had been paid over by his company.
Are you an insurance agent? I never knew it before, remarked the editor. Why don't you advertise?
It does not do any good, replied the agent. We never advertise.
The editor then pulled out his follows:
Mrs.—of this county, before her death, had her life insured for \$1,000, and the other day it was promptly paid over.
But you don't say by whom, said the insurance agent.
No, all that the public feel interested in knowing is, that the children of the lady got the premium; they don't care from what company. Besides, you say, advertising does no good.
Moral—The best sort of an advertisement is often covered up in an 'interesting item.'

Let the editors be on their guard, and not advertise any one's business in any shape unless he will pay for it.

'Not by a Durned Sight!'
He was tall and awkward, and she was short and bashful, but both were a nervous aspect of exceeding great joy. They entered a hotel in Chicago, and after he had registered his name 'and lady,' he said to the clerk:
'See here, mister, me and my wife have just been spliced, and I am going to show Amanda Chicago, if it takes a mule a day. Now give us one of those rooms like the Temple of Solomon, you know.' The clerk called a row-boy and said, 'Show this gentleman to the bridal chamber.'

At this direction the tall rustic became instantly excited.
'Not by a durned sight! Ye shiny haired, bird-shirted, dollar-breast-pinned grinning monkey, ye can't play that on me! If I am from the country, you don't catch me and my wife sleeping in your old harem room.' And they left the hotel.

Know What he was Haggling.
A couple from the country came to the city yesterday, procured a license and were married in due form. They left on the afternoon train. They attracted the attention of every passenger by their lavish display of affection. The young man kept his arm tight around the bride's waist, as if he was afraid she would vanish before he knew it, and she didn't seem to care if he hugged her right along for half a day. She was so terribly homely everybody wondered how he could love her, and by-and-by he seemed to think that an explanation would be in order. He borrowed a chew of tobacco of a man near the door, and remarked: 'I'm going to hug that girl all the way home, though I know she isn't purty.' 'I wouldn't,' briefly responded the man: 'And that's where you'd fool yourself,' continued the young man. 'When I'm hugging a hundred acres of clean